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THE
LEHIGH

B
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FEB. 1934

25¢





"COWBOYS NEED
HEALTHY NERVES —
AND, BELIEVE ME,
SO DO HOUSEWIVES'

Eddie Woods, Champion Cowboy, says:
"To have nerves that can take it, I smoke
only Camels. I've tried them all but Camels
are *my* smoke! They have a natural mildness,
and I like their taste better. Camels do not
jangle my nerves, even when I smoke one
after another."

Mrs. Phyllis L. Potter,
Montclair, N. J., says:
"I don't doubt but what it takes healthy
nerves to ride an outlaw horse! But any
woman who is a home maker will agree
with me that shopping, cooking, cleaning,
washing, and tending to all the other
duties of running a household are enough
to jangle *anybody's* nerves. I know that I
have to be careful in choosing *my* ciga-
rettes. I am a confirmed Camel smoker
because I can smoke Camels freely with-
out a hint of jumpy nerves. And they are
the *mildest* cigarette I ever smoked!"

Copyright, 1934, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company

How Are Your Nerves?

Fortunate indeed is that modern man or woman who does not get nervously upset. Raw, jangled nerves seem, all too often, to be the order of the day.

If *nerves* are your problem, we suggest a check-up now—on your eating, sleeping, and smoking. Get a fresh slant on your smoking by changing to Camels. Much is heard about the

tobaccos used in various cigarettes. But this is a fact, as any impartial leaf-tobacco expert will tell you :

 **Camels are made from finer, MORE EXPENSIVE tobaccos than any other popular brand.**

Everywhere you see Camels smoked more and more. People *do* care about mildness...about good taste...about their nerves. And Camels *never* get on your nerves...never tire your taste.

*Camel's
Costlier Tobaccos*



NEVER GET ON YOUR NERVES . . NEVER TIRE YOUR TASTE



HOW ABOUT THE INTERFRATERNITY BALL

The boy who went to the Prom and who didn't believe a word the magazine advertisements contained, would look, according to the ad-writers, something like this:

Because he didn't drink the right coffee he'd look droopy, listless and dull. Since he didn't heed the warnings of famous doctors, researchers, and ad men, his face would be full of eruptions, pimples, rashes and blackheads, allegedly due to body poisons, constipation, etc. His teeth would be covered with unsightly film; would be yellow, pink, or, still worse, not in his mouth at all.

"Body odor" would reek from the disbeliever. His "Morning Mouth" could be smelled a block away. Bad breath, Halitosis, falling hair, dandruff, itching scalp, tough beard, would all be self-evident. Due to corns, ringworm and athlete's foot his walking would be affected. His nose passages would be clogged up; he'd have the wrong clothes on; his hands would be rough, chapped and unsightly.

In other words, if your eyes have traveled this far, he'd look, smell, walk and talk like most of the boys who do go to the Prom.

—Red Cat

THERE'S A REASON

Each morning she eats a whole
yeast cake
Just as her doctors advise.
She walks a mile for a cigarette,
Has a healthy glow in her eyes.

She has no trouble with athlete's
foot,
She avoids the danger line,
Her hands never have that dish-
look
Though they're busy all the
time.

She never has a pink toothbrush,
She fascinates and allures.
Daily she uses two cold creams
Recommended by connoisseurs

She looks like the girl on the cover
That trousseau habit she'll keep,
Her husband is always her lover,
She's a beauty awake or asleep.

She was the most popular de-
butante,
The most beautiful bride of the
year,
She's the loveliest mother in for-
ty-eight states,
And a charming hostess, my
dear.

She serves the champagne of gin-
ger ales
And coffee that's good to the
very last drop.
She varies her dinners with twen-
ty-one soups
And her dinners are never a
flop.

She keeps that school girl com-
plexion
And her hair in a permanent
curl.
She is nonchalant when em-
barrassed,
She is the American Advertised
Girl!

—Stanford Chapparel

DID'JA EVER,

After listening
To much enthusiastic
Boasting, and after
Being greatly influ-
enced (unconsciously) by
Extensive
Chicanery on the
Part of
Profit seekers under
The guise of
Ambitious student
Philanthropists,
Vote in favor of a
Large assessment
For the Inter-
Fraternity Sprawl in
Order that you
Might have the unique
Experience of dancing (?)
To a good orchestra in
Our own dear lit-
tle corner of
The Palm Room (Taylor
Gym) and
PAY IT,
Only to hear Bud
Fairings third team
From (God forbid)
Philadelphia with the
Usual stuff,
Did'ja ever?

ooo

P. S. You will.



THE LEHIGH BURR

Vol. LI

February, 1934

No. 5

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BLASKY

COVER BY DAVE STEINBERG

Walter Windshield, whose puerile patter appears on page fourteen, has returned to the BURR in answer to the requests of you sophisticated Lehighites. If his is the type of stuff you want, we'll give it to you. Mr. Windshield would appreciate whatever chatter, scandal, or dope you have. His column will be edited anonymously. Address all communications to W. W. at the Lehigh Union Office.

THE BURROS.



ARE WE RIGHT WHEN WE SAY

that when you come to a New York hotel whether business or pleasure bent for a day, a week, a month or longer, there are certain requirements you consider essential, certain conveniences you have every reason to expect, and still other features that, while not imperative, do add immeasurably to your comfort. We pride ourselves on the fact that so many people always return to the Hotel Times Square. The obvious reason is that our service, our facilities and our location meet the demands of a great majority of visitors to New York.

You Will Appreciate the Fact That

our rooms are bright and airy, our beds are superlatively comfortable, there is an R.C.A. radio in every room and reading lamps, full length mirrors and other conveniences. Our baths are immaculate.

If a Convenient Location Is Important

when you stay here you are within a few minutes walk, not taxi, of all theatres, Radio city, Madison Square Garden and innumerable restaurants and night clubs, all transportation lines, subway, elevated, surface cars and buses are but a step from your front door. Excellent garage facilities are immediately adjacent, and your car will be called for and delivered.

Your Meals While You Are With Us

there are few spots in New York that are more thoroughly home-like and informal than our new Early American Grill and Restaurant. You will enjoy excellent meals well served at most reasonable prices. The special combination breakfasts, luncheons and dinners are most attractive.

A Message to Managers

we invite inquiries from managers of teams, clubs and other groups regarding special accommodations and rates.

— RATES —

Daily: From \$2.00 to \$3.00 Single; \$3.00 to \$4.00 Double
None Higher

SPECIAL WEEKLY OR MONTHLY RATES

All Expense Excursions

Room food and lots of outside entertainment for the week-end, or any two days.....\$ 5.50
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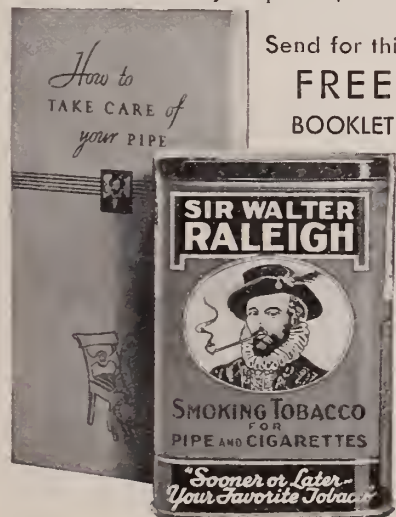
Under Direction Wm. S. Brown
Times Square, New York

"I CAN USE A GOOD STOKER"



DEVIL TAKE the unpopular soul who neglects his pipe till it's gooey and offensive. Bliss is reserved (at 15¢ the tin) for those pipe lovers who tend their briars and fill them with sunny tobacco... like Sir Walter Raleigh. This heavenly mixture of mild Kentucky Burleys brings everlasting happiness to a man's tongue. It's well aged and seasoned. Fragrant—but eternally mild. Try it. It *may* be the smoke you hoped you'd some day find. (Kept fresh in gold foil.)

Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corporation
Louisville, Kentucky. Dept. W-43.



Send for this
FREE
BOOKLET

The current **Economy Issue** of the **Lafayette Lyre** presents the following article.

Color Harmony

It crops out all about us—even as far distant as Lancaster County. We are not only disturbed in our sound slumbers before final football games by its rowdyism, but the very spirit of the place seems to infest even so remote a region as Lancaster County.

It seems that there was a man in the above mentioned county who, upon his death, left a large estate. He had graduated from Lehigh in 1894. His farm, being quite large, was sold at auction. The heirs, no doubt, had good reason. For the people bargaining for the farm noticed that all the farm buildings were painted brown and White—awful, simply awful—while the color of maroon and white shone resplendently on the outhouse!

To which we simply say that there's nothing like color value.

He Gives Up

"Do you want to sell that horse?"

"Sure, I want to sell the horse," the farmer replied.

"Can he run?"

"Can he run? Look," there-upon slapping the part of the horse sometimes used for that purpose, and off trotted the horse at full speed, running just as prettily as could be.

Suddenly the horse ran full speed into a tree.

"Is he blind?" the young fellow hurriedly blurted.

The farmer thought even quicker.

"Hell no," he drawled. "He just doesn't give a damn."

—Gargoyle

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J. A. TRIMBLE CO.

NEW WAY SYSTEM LAUNDRY

Bethlehem's Best Laundry

Thirteenth and Union Boulevard
PHONE 70

LADIES, JUST LADIES

Oh, I love young ladies,
But not too young;
For the good die young
And who wants a dead one.

I also love old ones,
But not too old;
For the old dye too,
And who wants a dyed one.
—Bucknell Belle Hop

Colorful Fellow — Ma'am, I'd like to hereby apply for employment with you.

Ma'am—What is your name?

Colorful Fellow—My name is Poe.

Ma'am — Are you by any chance related to Edgar Allen Poe?

Colorful Fellow — Lady, I is Edgar Allen Poe.

—Red Cat

Prof—"Will you men stop exchanging notes in the back of the room?"

Stude — "Them ain't notes, them's cards. We're playing bridge."

Prof—"Oh, I beg your pardon."

—Yellow Crab

Poor old Hiram. He went up New York determined to make his living pulling some skin games on innocent strangers. However, the first fellow he tried to sell the Brooklyn bridge to turned out to be the owner of the darn thing, and if Hiram hadn't paid him ten dollars to keep quiet the man would have had him arrested.

—Brown Jug

"Let's have a kiss."

"Not on an empty stomach."

"Of course not. Right where the last one was."

—Sundial

REEVES, PARVIN & Co.

WHOLESALE GROCERS
FEATURING for FRATERNITIES

KNIGHTHOOD & LAKESIDE
PURE FOOD PRODUCTS

Represented by

E. R. FRITCHMAN

2nd and Hamilton Streets, Allentown, Penna.

"Why do you look so pained?"

"I'm lazy."

"What's that got to do with it?"

"I'm sittin' on a cigarette."

—Panther

The greatest problem confronting college boys today is being seen at a dance with the kind of a girl they would want to see home afterwards.

—Exchange

"What is youth?"

"I'm a thophomore."

—Stanford Chapparral

Did you make the debating team?

N-n-no, t-t-heyy said I w-wasn't t-t-tall enough.

—Widow

"Where's the ladies' rest room, please?"

"It's just around the corner."

"Don't give me that Hoover stuff—I've really got to go!"

—Frivol

"What makes this meat taste so queer?" inquired Mr. Gish.

"I can't imagine," responded the fond bride, "I burned it a little but I put Ungentine on it at once."

—The Log

He was teaching her arithmetic
 Because that was his mission
 He kissed her once, he kissed her twice
 And said, "Now that's addition."

And as he added smack by smack
 In silent satisfaction
 She sweetly gave his kisses back
 And softly said, "Now that's subtraction."

Then he kissed her and she kissed him
 Without any explanation.
 They both together smiled and said
 "Now that's multiplication."

But dod appeared upon the scene
 And made a quick decision.
 He kicked that lad a block away
 And said, "Now that's division."
 —"Skeets"

GREEK DICTIONARY

ALPHA—Alpha loaf is better than none.
 BETA—Superior.
 CHI—Baby talk meaning weep.
 DELTA—Part of a river.
 EPSILON—What, you've never heard of Epsilon Salts?
 ETA—Consumed.
 GAMMA—Cry of the coed.
 IOTA—Iota you \$10; Iota him \$6; Iota—.
 LAMBDA—Small sheep.
 MU—Added supply.
 NU—The good word.
 OMEGA—Italian love ditty (O Sol Oméga).
 PI—Prepared foor baked between two layers of crusts. (Thank you, Mr. Webster.)
 PHI—Expression of condemnation.
 PSI—Pant.
 RHO—Uncooked.
 TAU—When repeated twice, a form of "good bye."
 XI—Mating call of the Bulgarian bull boll-weevil.
 ZETA—Speak to.

—Ski-u-Mah

CONFUSED

Conductor—"Can't you see that sign, 'No Smoking?'"
 Sailor—"Sure, Mike, that's plain enough, but there are so many dippy signs here. One says, 'Wear Nemo Corsets.' So I ain't paying any attention to any of 'em."

—Log

Rau & Arnold

Your Suit Is Here

The Physical Experiment

Element: Woman.

Occurrence: Found wherever man exists. Seldom in the free state, with few exceptions in the combined state.

Physical Properties: All colors, sizes, shapes, and ages. Usually in disguised condition. Face covered with a film of composite material. Boo-hoos at nothing and may freeze any moment; however, melts when properly treated. Very bitter if not well used.

Chemical Properties: Very active, possesses a great affinity for gold, silver, platinum, precious stones, or anything of value. Violent reaction when left alone. Ability to absorb expensive food at any time. Undissolved by liquids, but activity greatly stimulated when treated with spirits solution. Sometimes yields to pressure. Turns green when placed beside a more handsome specimen. Ages very rapidly, usually getting into permanently enlarged state. Fresh variety has great magnetic attraction.

Caution: Highly explosive in inexperienced hands.

—Exchange

ARBOGAST and BASTIAN CO.

MEATS and PROVISIONS

U. S. Government Inspection

ALLENTOWN, PA.



C.E. Roth

206 N. TENTH STREET
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Full Dress
 and Tuxedos

FOR SALE and HIRE
 —All Accessories Are Here—
 TUXEDO INCLUDING VEST

\$22.50

Alumni!

Let the BURR restore your geniality after a tough day at the office, in bed, or on the street! It's so clean your children can read it, so hot you won't need coal, (a paradox) and so cheap you can't cheat yourself of the pleasure, which this special offer makes possible for you, of



five issues

mailed anywhere

for only one dollar



Prosit!

We chanced, the other night, to be sitting beside two elderly men at one of Bethlehem's innumerable beer stubes. They had been sipping the immortal beverage for several hours, as their flushed faces and glassy eyes testified. As they drank and munched, they naturally talked, and with the passage of time their conversation assumed the slightly lobsided aspect not uncommon in such cases. Finally the evening came to a close, and they rose unsteadily to wend their way into the night. On their way out, one of them spied a dime lying in the corner of the room. He dived for it, and came up puffing hard, but smiling expansively. They resumed their seats to examine the coin while they were having a drink on the strength of it. The talk veered around to luck, and thence to lucky talismans. The finder of the coin admitted to being probably the luckiest man in Bethlehem, and traced his good fortune to the

finding of a four leafed clover in his youth. "Say," he demanded of his comrade, "did you ever find a four leafed clover?" His companion stared owlishly at the ceiling for a moment as he pondered the question, then turned to his questioner. "No, Bill, I ain't never found one of them things. But," he added, "I remember once when I came damn close to it."

Skool!

Our brief period of intimacy with the new Eighth Avenue Subway made a profound impression on us. First it was the cloistered quiet of the enormous and unpopulated stations, which reminded us, by the way of Oscar Wilde's "Deserted City." Then it was the ease with which a conversation could be conducted in the comparatively quiet cars, and finally, as we mentioned once before in these pages, it was the practical Economics scrawled on the walls of the sta-

tions. Such succinct and expressive exhortations as BUY AMERICAN AND GIVE US WORK! WHY DON'T FRANCE PAY THEIR DEBT? are mingled with more humorous remarks such as LOUIE IS A DOPE! and ZOWIE! The signs of intelligentzia are beginning to permeate however, and have resulted in a clash of Economic theories which may prove serious. Tucked into one corner of the 72nd street station there appears defiantly one BUY EUROPEAN GOODS SO THAT THEY CAN BUY OURS. Perhaps we have turned the corner.

Here's How!

Over the Christmas vacations we had no end of funny experiences with taxi-cab drivers. However, we are unable to print them here. We refuse to deprive the New Yorker magazine of its last mark of distinction now that we have entered the sophisticated humor field. Besides, we have made



an agreement with the New Yorker whereby they promised not to print any stories about the Lehigh University Department of Military Science and Tactics. Far be we from stealing the last bulwark of the New Yorker's individuality. Furthermore, they make their living by it, and we're just crapping around. Finally, we refuse to be considered on the same level with the New Yorker. After all, they are selling to fifteen cent public, while we get twenty-five for our publication.

We noted with considerable interest a few lines in the Brown and White. (There. It's out. But we only happened to see this issue because it had the examination schedule in it) of January 9. They told of the visit of a delegation of Russian scientists who inspected Fritz Lab. "The foreigners spent Saturday night at the Sigma Phi Epsilon fraternity house in order to learn something of American college life." That's the trouble with these Russians, always looking for the seamy side of life. A rumor around the campus that they had been refused an invitation to the Chi Psi lawdge because they had neglected to include dinner jackets in their baggage was promptly denied. The blame was put on the interpreter. He thought the Chi Psis said tennis rackets.

The English Department, maker of men, dug down into their files for this one. It happened in a Freshman Composition course. For the first theme of the year he decided to test the mettle of his charges by offering as one of his topics, "How to Write a Theme." One of the bright eyed youngsters leaped at the bait, and labored long and seriously over it. About his attempt, suffice to say that the self confident litterateur was rewarded with an F. This F is significant somehow, but we can't just see how. At any rate, the climax of the situation occurred when in one part of his paper the frosh laid down a dictum on accuracy in spelling. He phrased it



thus. "There is absolutely no excuse for misspelling words. One always has recourse to a dictionary."

NUTS!

A recent trip to the Allentown State Hospital, more commonly known as Rittersville, gave us food for thought. One of the incidents which occurred there might bear repeating. We were all seated in the auditorium of the institution, with various inmates being exhibited and discussed before us. The most striking of the cases presented was a middle-aged man with some peculiar fixations. One of these was that he was married to all the women in the world. His jaws kept up a peculiar chewing motion, which the doctor in charge explained was due to an attempt to make himself believe that his mouth was full of candy. He was a billionaire, we learned, and an intimate of Woodrow Wilson. The man was about four and one-half feet tall, and quite bald. As he turned to leave the stand, the doctor called after him, "Oh, Bill, can you tell me in what way you're different from the other people in the world?" Bill turned, and thought for a while, his jaws moving dreamily. Then he contemplated his short, wasted body. Suddenly he looked up, his eyes shining. "I know," he said, hurrying off the platform, "I'm bow-legged."



—Punch Bowl

The Biography Of TILLIE SCHWENKLE

BY PLUTARCH PHNYATSCH

Although Minerva came into being by springing out of her father's forehead, and Gargantua hopped out of his mother's left ear, Tillie Schwenkle insists she is just an old fashioned girl.

Tillie was born on the banks of the Monocacy Creek twenty-one summers, and God knows how many winters ago. At an extremely early age, Tillie, or Miss Schwenkle, if you prefer, demonstrated that she had something or other. Her Grammar School teacher told her to stop chewing gum because it was vulgar. Tillie stuck to her gums and said it was Beechnut.

Forty-three years later, at the age of nineteen, she saw one of Albertina's Rasch dancers and immediately decided to dance, prance, and trip the light fantastic. But the light fantastic was too fast for her. Tillie, accordingly, delved into the intricacies of the terpsichorean arts and soon startled the citizens of Emaus, Kutztown, and Butztown under the sobriquet of "Bethlehem's Ballerina." You cannot appreciate the difficulty of such a feat until you, yourself, have danced under a sobriquet.

At the age of eleven and a half she performed a tableau, all by

EDITOR'S NOTE: Three letters of inquiry have reached us. Each letter said, "Tell us more about Tillie Schwenkle." Each letter was signed "Joe Phnar." Accordingly we present her biography.



herself, called "Spring Comes to Bethlehem." The tableau was observed with acclaim and, after Winchell reported that it had been seen with acclaim, Tillie refused to have anything to do with the tableau.

Two years later, at the age of seventeen, Miss Schwenkle sara-banded before an Easton audience. After her performance shouts of "Encore! Encore!" were heard. A Lafayette student stood up and roared, "To hell with this guy Encore! Just let Tillie dance again." Thus you can see Tillie was on her toes all the time.

Her career was as spotless as the Dean would like the BURR to be. The only blemish on her career was uncovered by the ubiquitous reporter of the **Lehigh Lily**. The photo which appeared in that nefarious sheet (and which may appear here for all I know) shows the daring costume worn by the timid terpsichore. She wears this costume to prove she is not Pavlowa reincarnated.

Miss Schwenkle is unmarried. She is still twenty-one. She has a dowry of sixteen cents to offer the man who marries her. She says after her marriage she will discontinue her stage activities and insists her husband shant be known as Mr. Tillie Schwenkle.

More From That Opium Eater

A MASTER OF PASSION — E. ALLEN MOE

Time was short, for the zero hour was nigh. So our correspondent removed his several and varied outer garments, took a firm grip upon his stylus and feverishly struggled with an over-powering temptation to go to sleep—when he knew duty called him (he might have thought of that before) and the proof went to press in twenty minutes, lacking four pages of material. Finally falling into a deep sleep, he leaned forward slowly and after a hasty but thorough glance around to see that no one was looking, he reached into the lower drawer to extract a formidable-looking needle well charged with lemon oil and forced the life-giving fluid into his left wrist with his right hand, or vice versa (that is, into his left hand with the aid of his right wrist). Having done this, he watched the prancing Indians do a war dance into the room and was greatly surprised (but nevertheless overjoyed) to discover their almost immediate transfiguration into English pros — which is quite a drop for an Indian (sold in the new four-cylinder de luxe model for a measly grand or two).

"Here is my opportunity to fill up the column of observations of a diseased mind," said the seated one to himself and casually observed out loud, "What, my friends, do you think of Bla-bla-bla as an entertaining efficiency expert?"

CHORUS (Antistrophe):

We find much saner than economics
Sunday paper colored comics.

"Splendid, I didn't think you had it in you," immediately blushing after this, for he realized the social error he had made and continued his exclamations with, "Holy gee." Thinking that a pretty good gag, too, he wrote it down, forgetting the rhyme he had in mind.

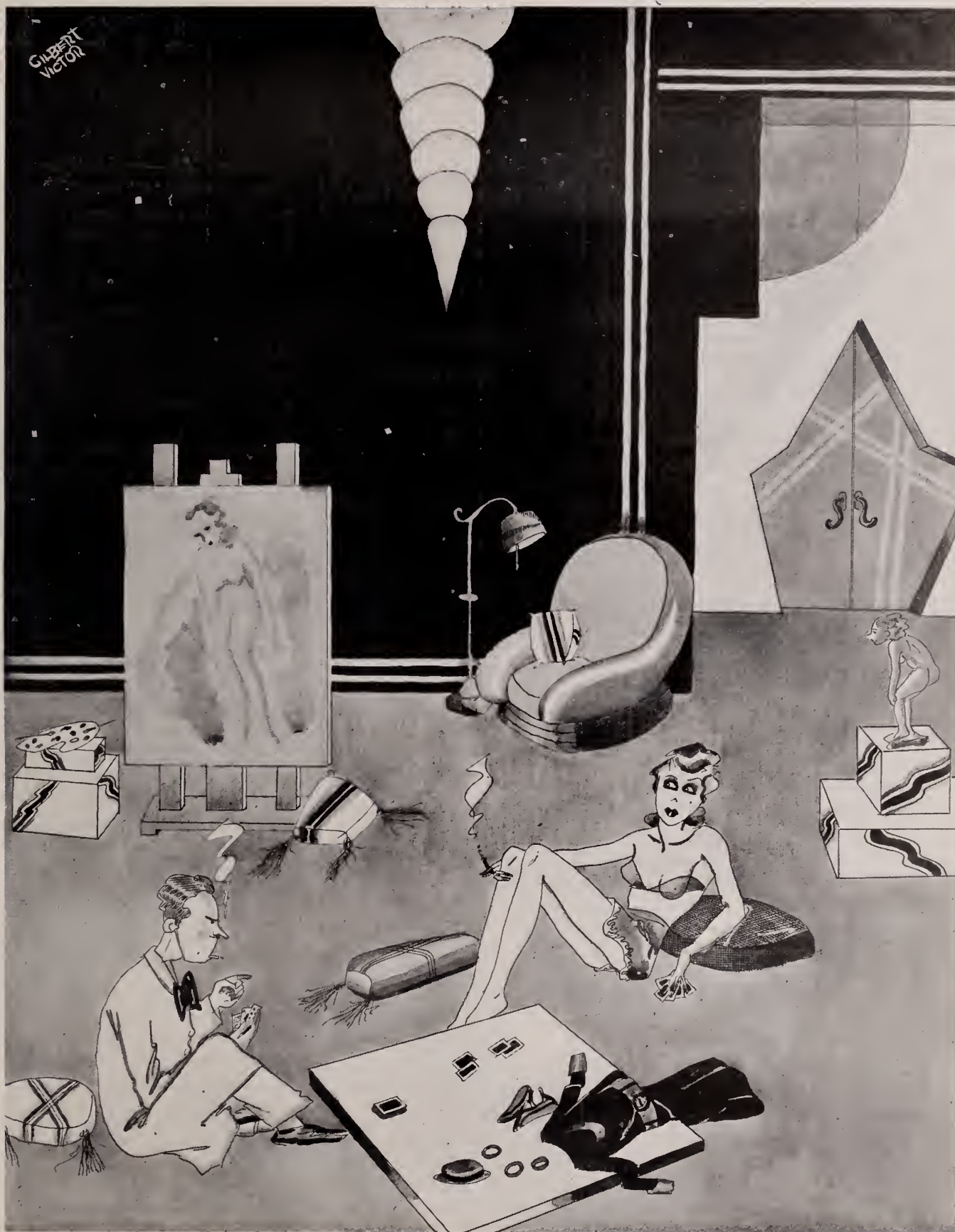
Lying down on the floor (he was weary, remember) he drew the rug over him (for it was very cold up in Bethlehem) and immediately struggled to death with the gigantic brontosaurus concealed thereunder, while the physics department—who had exchanged places with the lazy, literary-like, lovers and Shotty Shakespeare Shatterers—juggled atoms under the able direction of Pax Peterson. (By popular

request this here then brontosaurus will be heard next Wednesday at the same hour over the Gas-house Broadcasting Woiks, through the courtesy of the Armour's Three Star Meat Packing House.)

But to get back to the struggle to death (when I returned just now, I found them sleeping as peacefully as a nursery of babies (with distemper) so I rudely awakened them, and almost lost a hand when I caught it on the monster's jagged eye brows, cutting it to the bone. Supercilious—I calls him.) Everything promised to turn out well when an atom, having been charged with slightly more than 3.2, glided gracefully across the room, struck our hero behind the ear, and he immediately felt himself sliding down the side of the mountain (a distance of two hundred feet—down which we throw our Stewed-her-bake-her (not an advt.) sedans to prove that the doors will remain in line after the shock). He reached out and grasped my own lily-white wrist and held tightly to me, who remained perfectly stationary as the mountain side slid by.

As the deep tragedy of this catastrophe occurred to me, and believe me, I felt it sincerely, I determined to save the world—well, Bethlehem anyway. Biding my time I received courage from the passing stone face of George Washington — now looking very life-like—dressed in the best Hilton & Co. \$17.50 suit or tuxedo with a little extra for alterations, and smiling grimly as if he were resigned to his fate, not counting upon my services. I waited patiently for the mountain stream and the old oaken bucket to pass. One sip of that stuff (at two-bits a throw) gave me the necessary strength, so I immediately replaced the mountain and saved the world—well, Souse Beslam anyway.

By this time my companion was getting awful drunk and I—cold-stone sober (you know, stiff) was a little tired from my exertion so I put him on one shoulder, the brontosaurus on the other and returned home, knowing that my guest, Noel Coward, would enjoy our entire company for a good night's rest and Ooooooooo Boy! what a hangover.



"If I don't get a straight soon I'll NEVER get down to work!"

—Punch Bowl.

The Lost



Empidocles Discovered

(Discovered in the Men's
Room of the Acropolis
Restaurant.)

by

"Professor"

Norman Alper

Empidocles, the sage of Acropolis (200-125 B.C.) is seated in discourse with Xippe and Xither, his two students.

Xippe; "What oh, my master is this life which we so dearly love and would faint give up?"

Empidocles; "Life is an old worn-out shoe which pricks the feet when one walks over pebbles. Life is interminable, like an old green overcoat that stinks from the rain and the snows of former days. Life is sordid, life is grim, life is what you make it and a merry proverb to you Xippe."

Xither; "If, as you say, oh wise one, life is like an old green overcoat, then what of the buttons?"

Empidocles; "Have you, my red-nosed scholar, seen an old green overcoat that stinks from the rain and the snows and the sleet?"

Xither; "No, my master, I have not."

Empidocles; "Have you ever seen Death stalking along the highways like a mosquito on a bald man's head?"

Xither; "No, my master, I have not."

Empidocles; "Well then, have you ever seen a dream walking?"

Xippe; (awakening) "And talking?"

Empidocles; "And dancing?"

Xither; "No, dammit, I haven't and unless you stop your foolishness and tell us about the ideal state so that some day our names will get into print in Everyman's Library I'll go over to Plato's cave or go back to work at the grocery store. That's what I'll do."

Xippe; "You'll go back to work? Never."

Empidocles; "Work is like a new dress-shirt, so fine, so pure and good, but it gets wet under the armpits."

Xippe; "Quite right my master, oh divine one, but what of the ideal state. Will there be no armpits in the ideal state?"

Empidocles; "No, my good friend, there will be armpits in the ideal state, but there will be no dress shirts."

Xither; "Ah, then in the ideal state all will be nudists!"

Empidocles; "No, and again no, in the ideal state there will be no nudity for nudity is a breeder of puns and lousy gags like 'No nudes is good nudes' and such drivel is distracting to man . . . and to woman."

Xippe; "Ah,—and will there be women in the ideal state? Women are like the good ginger ale that is mixed with rank liquor and contributes no part to a hangover."

Empidocles; "Indeed we shall have women all young and beautiful with shapely forms and cherubic expressions. We shall have many women and each woman shall love each man like a brother."

Xippe; "That brother stuff doesn't seem worthy of you Empidocles. And besides, how are all the women going to be beautiful?"

Empidocles; "There, there my son, have you ever heard as I spake of my disciples Earlius Carrolus and Flouis Zigfeldi? They shall select the women, and they know how, then we shall go to our island where philosophy may be courted with abandon."

Xippe; "I have fears, oh my master that the women will be courted and philosophy will rise up to the heavens and the stars and the sun as an offering to the gods."

Xither; "I speak only for myself, oh master, being an unselfish youth I gladly give you my part of philosophy being content with women alone."

Empidocles; "Alone? Are you mad?"

Xither; "Mad, yes mad like a March hare!"

Empidocles; "And in our ideal state there shall be constant singing and joy, the arts and the graces will be pursued by all and the aesthetic shall reign supreme."

Xippe; "And what of crooners, oh preceptor. Shall we have crooners to disturb our waking hours?"

Philosophy Of Empidocles

Empidocles; "I know not of what you speak, my son."

Xippe; "Crooners are creatures of sexless voice that howl the ethereal waves to the discomfiture of the populace, and are seemingly begotten of wolves and jackasses."

Empidocles; "No, my friends, we shall have no crooners. We shall have but philosophers and women, artists and workers and we shall lead a simple life devoting ourselves to truth and to the gods."

Xippe; "Ah, my master that will be swell, I for one shall devote myself to the women and the pursuit of happiness."

Empidocles; "But my son, you must contribute to the common weal, to the welfare of all that live in the ideal state. You must work for the common good."

Xippe; "Work . . . work is like death with buttons on the overcoat. And I do not like work. No, my master, work in an ideal state smacks of Communism, and what-the-hell, my learned sage, is it not better to have loved and lost than never to have loved at all?"

Empidocles; "Then you will be a statesman, and promote peace amongst the nations. You will settle disputes and prevent wars."

Xither; "But, my master, statesmen promote wars not prevent them for if one has no wars one has no reparations and with no reparations the subdued nation has naught of which to complain. Then too if there are no complaints there is naught but happiness and happiness results in a high birth-rate. Will you, in the ideal state favor a high birth rate?"

Empidocles; "That my son must be the task of the rulers."

Xippe; "What, to promote the birth rate?"

Empidocles; "No, to keep it down. We must be rational in our tastes for has it not truly been said that a rose is a rose is a rose is a rose?"

Xippe; "Who said that?"

Empidocles; "Gertrude Stein said that, oh unread one."

Xippe; "Well if Gertrude Stein said that then I say that Gertrude Stein is a Gertrude Stein is a Gertrude Stein."

Empidocles; "But Gertrude Stein is a Gertrude Stein."

Xither; "To be sure, my master,

if a rose is a rose is a rose, then assuredly Gertrude Stein is a Gertrude Stein is a Gertrude Stein. That's logic."

Xippe; "What, I beg of you my enlightened master is logic?"

Empidocles; "Logic is reason and reason is logic."

Xippe; "Yeah? Then I guess I'm crazy."

Empidocles; "Exactly, that too is logic. We are all crazy. Craziness is like a duck-billed wombat that hatches its young from eggs and then nurses them at its breast."

Thus began Empidocles' Ideal State!



"Sure that bird's a female. It has labor pains!"

WALTER WINDSH

Pepper has the right idea . . . Her parents refuse to let college students come up and see her . . . The racket is to say you go to Catholic High and you're going to help her with her homework . . .

This Martin gal from Moravian was stripped of all her clothing by the freshmen at staid old Fem Sem and went prancing around the campus of that place in ze nude . . .

Evidently the girl who invited Mr. Abbe as her guest at that Moravian Tea Dance didn't think the dear old Dean heard what was said about her . . . Friend Abbe and his partner (name furnished on request) left the room too soon to see the look on Miss Johnson's face . . . We did and it was a honey!

Bud (Sartorial Perfection) Hammer went to New York to celebrate Repeal the first night liquor came back . . . All he could get was WATER . . . But did he have a story!

Walter (Baldy) Jackson received the supreme refusal to his demand for a kiss from one of Bethlehem's belles . . . A board of censors prevents us from printing the way in which she said no . . .

Johnson (Mayor of Cleveland) Goldsmith has threatened a would-be Winchell . . . If anything about Johnny appears in this column, four girls will demand explanations . . .

Flash!! — the latest in matrimonial meanderings. Phil Nickerson is no longer a terror to the Bethlehem females, for according to all reports he has recently carried forward the Fi-Ji tradition by escorting down the aisle the girl of his dreams. It is also rumored that one of the KayA's, a pseudo-senior, has successfully carried out the same Christian endeavor. Remember, Grappler, the double nelson is barred in intercollegiate stuff.

Seen in the Phi Sig Shack!! — A well thumbed copy of **Breezy Stories** hiding from view some apparently unnoticed copies of **Harpers** and **Vanity Fair**. We strongly suspect that aesthetically inclined Chemical Engineer Bud (ding) Bigelow.

Another interesting sight. Psi U. Pease driving along Third Street wondering why the wheels appeared to be skidding when an observant companion, of Sig Manor (don't be self-conscious Sigma Phi and Sigma Chi — we don't mean you), noticed that one of the rear wheels was about six inches farther away from the car than its normal position and was about to leave the boys entirely. "Nothing wrong," remarked the chauffeur, "we just gotta stop and push it in."

Another happy hubby in camp. This one drug his blushing bride to the Industrial Management lecture (much to the chagrin of the lecturer, who thereafter had to plead for attention) for the purpose of learning to some day balance the family budget. The subject was Cost-Accounting.

Jay Jay Berger, recently a very glib reporter, whom the boys call Long Hair, is being worn smooth by none other than that maker of men (that is, some men) Emery, and we don't mean Lehigh's vice president. We have one comment — "tried and true" — Chic! Chic!

Big Chief Makklood, leader of the tribe of Delts, was discovered guiding a Psi U frosh on the road to ethereal ecstasy, a la Edgar Rice Burroughs. They were intensely absorbed in Tarzan of the Apes.

Bobby-boy Prall, who accuses the Chemistry department of letting him risk his life (which is not a bad idea) in freshman lab, has been complaining of pains here and there, with the result that Bobbie's mother has insisted that he rest at home the next two weeks.

!!!!!! that big bad Pseudo (that's twice) journalist of the B. & W. syndicate did not impress Dr. Carothers very favorably with his misquotation. O well! Boys will have their fun.

Dave Steinberg, who is responsible for the cover, went about the various clubs soliciting their pins. At very few houses did the first man approached have his insignia. The most popular excuse was "I gave it to my mother."

FIELD AGAIN (DAMN IT!)

We now offer you the brightest stunt of the month. A very charming but slightly thick freshman harbored by one of the clubs on the hill was joyfully engaged in carrying out his idol's (a strong, worldly and superior upperclassman—they do exist) request (?) by calling the other Greek letter restaurants to remind them of the photographic plate which was to be exposed on the morrow to a group of poor but O! so proud seniors. Down the list of phone numbers he went, dutifully calling each one and formally making his serious announcement until, "Two-O-one-one, please."

"If you will hang up I will ring."

"Thank you." He hangs up. Telephone rings.

"Sigma Nu House." No answer. Jiggle hook and "Two-O-one-one, please."

Three times the foregoing complication takes place before it dawns on our quickwitted frosh that he is calling his own residence.

Among my ever increasing fan mail I find the following very charming comment. Quote: Youse is a viper—a vinshield viper.

We wonder why a certain bridge expert and a few of his brethren persist in telling lies about a certain fraternity and in general degrade the members of said fraternity. For the information of this would be Culbertson, the fraternity he has been libeling knows about this but refuses to reciprocate in kind . . . Once gentlemen ALWAYS gentlemen . . .

During one of those unscrupulous and unnecessarily crazy Machine Design quizzes the other day, Professor Luce climbed upon a high stool on top of a table presumably to see better what was going on. It occurred to one of those poor sufferers that there are only two people who assume that position—dunces and kings. It is a known fact that Professor Luce is not a member of royalty so draw your own conclusions.

We learn that tin dealers squawk and squabble with the buyers in an effort to reach an agreeable price, all of which takes but ten minutes a day. The

circumstances of this queer enterprise lead us to believe that the Bus. are well qualified to become outstanding tin dealers; the hours suit them fine, and, for the squabbling, it is like water to a fish.

We could offer you this one with the overworked—"The age of miracles is not past"—or under the cliched heading—"Believe It or Not"—, but in any case we vouch for its authenticity. Here goes—Christmas parties have come and gone leaving us with the report that one of the fraternities on the hill (there may have been another, but there is a limit to the most gullible's gullibility) actually did without serving beer upon the occasion and what is more this untimely disgrace has fallen on the crest of no other than the inimitable Sig Manus. It has also been rumored that one or two of the older and wiser of the group threatened to resign but the younger and more foolish prevailed upon them to refrain and accept the inevitable. And this—SAVE US—is the product of legal beer.

There was quite a discussion going on at one of the houses about the progress of aviation in recent years. Finally the talk drifted to the individual accomplishments of the various aviators. Someone spoke about Wiley Post's recent record breaking solo flight.

"He must have had a helluva time keeping awake."

"G'wan! It was easy for him. He only had one eye to keep open."

VAPID VERSINGS

We're rapidly getting screwy
From listening to all the hooey
Of stocks and bonds and notes receivable,
Can't he see they're inconceivable.

The National Banking System is a dead letter
And the Federal Reserve is no better.
Money is what we haven't got
So Banking can't be quite so hot.

Exotic

Esoteric

Erotica

A TIP

Absolute knowledge have I none,
But my aunt's washerwoman's son
Heard a policeman on his beat
Say to a laborer on the street,
That he had a letter just last week,
Written in the finest Greek
By a Chinese coolie in Timbuctoo,
Who said that the negroes in Cuba knew
Of a colored woman in a Texas town
Who got it straight from a circus clown
That a man in the Klondike heard the news
From some South American Jews
About somebody in Bamboo
Who met a man who claimed he knew
Of a young society swell and rake
Whose mother-in-law would undertake
To prove that her husband's sister's niece
Had stated in a printed piece
That she had a son who had a friend,
And he could tell you just why and when
The depression is finally going to end.

FOR EVER AND EVER

She was never wrong she was always right
She did not smoke she was never tight.
She would never kiss or ever pet.
That was years ago; she's single yet.

I wish that I could write
A poem that wasn't trite.
One that would be able
To make the gals forget Clark Gable.
A poem that might be enjoyed
By disciples of Sigmund Freud.
I want to write a poem which
Will take a lousy so and so
An over amount of guts
To sum it up by saying "NUTS!"

The English department likes Hemingway and Dos
Passos—

They also like the dialogues of Manny Seff.
But just you try and write the way moderns do,
And the department gives you a nice "F."

OH YEH

I loved you not for your exquisite grace,
Your charming figure or beautiful face.
You were an heiress, it meant naught to me.
I was not to be fooled as you can see.
I loved you not for your unsurpassed type,
But for the hairpin you gave me to clean my pipe.

Listen to me. Heed O
Gentlemen my request.
I don't think I ever possessed
That thing you call libido.

Your writing of it seems
Never to be sated.
Please tell me what the hell it means
To have that thing frustrated.

If you drop a silver dollar on the ground,
It will roll because it's round.
A woman never knows what a good man she's got,
Until she turns him down.
So listen honey listen
I want you to understand
That a dollar goes from hand to hand
But a woman goes from man to man
AND BACK AGAIN.



"That must be Eddie Cantor's gag man."

REPEAL? WE ARE AGAINST IT

After all of the prophecies that Repeal would be "a glorious event, ushering in an era of refined drinking of the better class of good spirits and liquors," it has been a terrible disappointment, at least on the local scene. With the exception of beer, which went off the 3.2 standard back to normal, Repeal drinks are horrible failures. Almost all of the legal stuff is horribly cut, and very much too young to be out of its bottle at such a tender age. What with taxes and license fees, and such, prices have gone up to a point where they are above those charged in the better class of local places a year ago. The situation is aggravated by the fact that some of the students' very best friends are threatening to go out of business because they are losing money and cannot stay open Saturday nights.

Some of Lehigh's most prominent heavy drinkers have taken to drinking ale. "You can't trust the quality of this legal stuff," they say. On every occasion Lehigh men can be heard longing for the "good old days" when one could get a good, safe drink, at a reasonable price. They hark back longingly to the days, or rather nights, under Prohibition, when the crowd at Micky's was so heavy that it took three policemen to convince the people that there was no more room inside. Alas, now there is no use for one cop; we have legal liquor and no one will drink the filthy stuff.

It is obvious that man does not know when he is well off. We are going to start a movement right now to "Bring Back Prohibition and Better Booze." Neat, eh? We shall write a letter to Andrew Volstead and confess that he was right all along. Volstead shall lead us back!

It seems Colonel Kellogg met a friend of his on the street who had a very beautiful wife and the Colonel accosted him in the usual manner and then said:—"Say, Jim, how is it that with such a beautiful wife you spend so much of your time out nights?"

Jim:—"Well, Colonel, it's simply caused by the difference between dignified approval and enthusiastic cooperation."

Judge—I understand that you prefer charges against this man.

Plaintiff—No, sir! I prefer cash. That's why a had him brought here.

MAN

Newspapers cried out: SCIENCE TRIUMPHS AGAIN. LIVING IN DARK ALL HIS LIFE MAN NOW SEES THE WONDERS OF THE WORLD. INFINITE JOY TO MANKIND EXPECTED OF NEW SURGICAL DEVELOPMENTS.

His relatives explained: You wouldn't know Howard now; he has changed so. His face has lit up—brightened immeasurably. Why it almost makes me wish that I had been in his place—well worth the long suffering in preparation for the great denouement. I used to think that at times he did not wish to continue to live. Why he has even started to read—novels and love stories. You can't imagine how happy he is or how glad we are. We used to administer to him just like he was an invalid. We were wonderful to him. Oh it is much better for all of us. A God-send!

His story: My world of darkness was one of rapture—destroyed by an awakening to actuality. I lived a dream—imagining great beauty in my surroundings and great beauty in the features and characters of my companions. I wanted to live. Flowery description of the world was responsible for the creation of a wonderful world of my own—splendorful. For years I lived happily, resignedly, in my world of dreams—joyously, enthralled by it, to be awakened to this ugly existence. God! why did they give me sight and awaken me to this misery. Now I have no desire to live . . . Let me die . . .

A Kentucky hill-billy used to come down out of the hills into the nearest town to purchase supplies for the winter months. He would generally enter the general store to have the store-owner say:

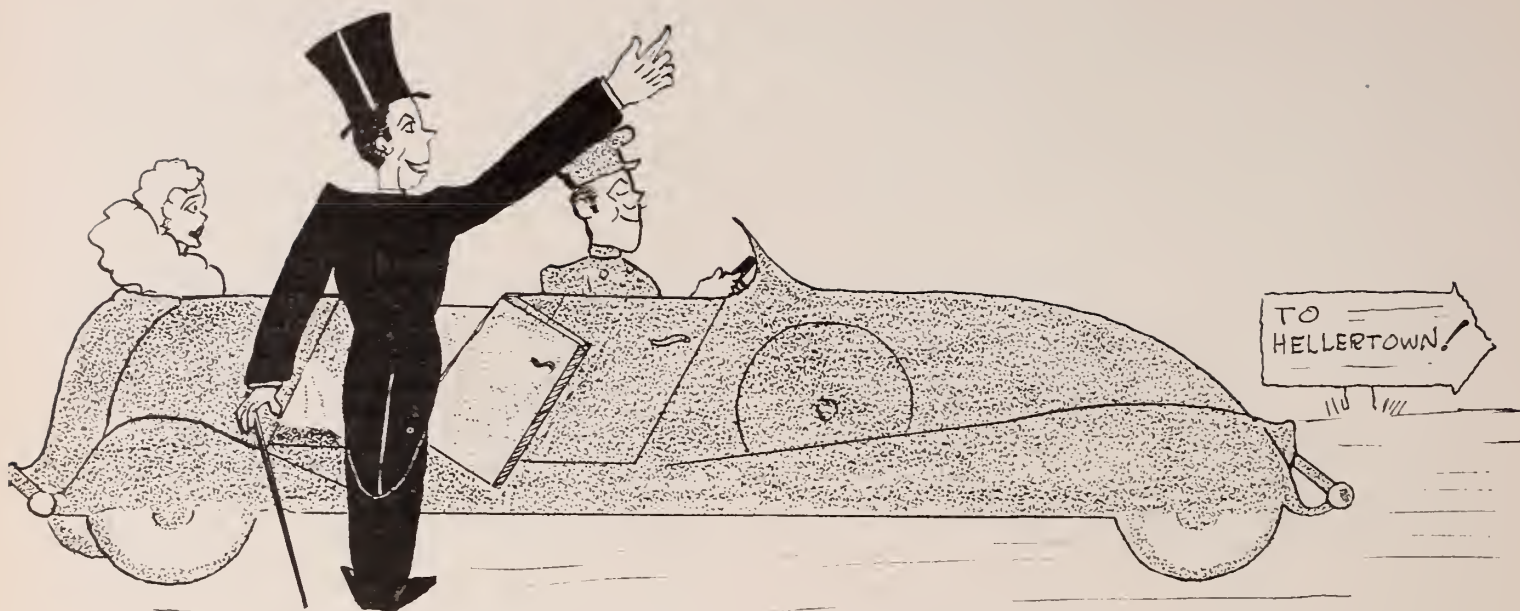
"Hello Zeke! Anything new up in the hills?"

"No-n-no," Zeke would answer. "Nothin' new 'ceptin we got another baby."

For ten long years always the same question and the same answer. The eleventh year the store-owner said:

"Well, Zeke, there's no use in my asking you what's new up in the hills. You'll probably tell me there's nothing new excepting that you've got another baby."

"Hell no!" said Zeke. "Y'know, we found out what makes those things happen!"



STREAM-LINE SOLILOQUY

BY BRAKE-BAND BACH

Well a new year is upon us, bringing with it among other things another Auto Show, and, judging by the publicity attendant to this event so far, 1934 is going to be a tough year for those of us who do not possess what is sometime jokingly referred to as "the technical mind." It took us, dullards that we are, most of 1933 to get the hang of so elementary a thing as that "free wheeling" business but think of 1934! Conservatively speaking, we don't expect to understand the new "aero dynamics" before 1938 by which time most people will probably be hurtling about in pneumatic tubes. The "free wheeling" blight last year had us avoiding our friends on the street and slinking around alleyways. After pretty much of an uphill climb, we got the hang of the darned thing and could face the world with a peaceful countenance but now, with not much more than a week or two of the new year gone by, come the auto folks—and if you ask us there's a malicious glint in their eyes—with more technical expressions, gad-

gets, bon mots, wrinkles, accessories, devices, and whatnots than you would care to shake a stick at, providing, of course, you are crazy enough to want to shake a stick at those things. We'd recommend a baseball bat or, something equally as destructive. Our only excuse for getting tangled up in all this—and which should really and

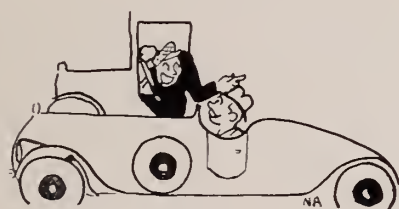
free literature one finds stuck in every inch of space at these exhibits. A nephew of ours; incidentally, makes his living simply by collecting hundreds of thousands of these pamphlets and circulars in a small express wagon and selling them back to the people that print them at so much per. Just what happens to the circulars then is beyond us. He lives on an extensive estate in Westport, L.I., in case you're interested.

But to get along with the sights to be seen at the Auto Show this year instead of ranting on in our own bitter cause, the thing that will strike one most forcibly about the new 1934 car — besides the front bumper — is the super-streamlining the designers have picked up out of H. G. Wells or Popular Science. Some of the cars we have seen are so stream-lined that one can't tell—we say "one" when you know who we mean — which is the front or back. There's the case of the man in Altoona who drove his new car for three weeks before he found out that he had the thing in reverse. That's



truly go to the "Letters To The Editor" Dept. of the New York TIMES—is that we always suffer from some morbid curiosity as to just what we will have to dodge along the nation's highways during the approaching 12 months. That, if nothing else, warrants our attendance at the Auto Show. Then too, we are suckers for that

how far they've carried the thing! Perhaps the cutest bit of auto phraseology that they've coined this year is that "knee action wheels" thing. We can't argue that point one way or the other but if "knee action" is what we think it is, be careful . . . we once got slapped! The Crisler has a pretty snappy car out but it is a bit too stodgy and old fashioned, reclining all of seven inches from the ground. Another thing against this car is that, unlike the Huff Straight 8 and the Quandry Straight Rye, it has no ice cream freezer. It has a sewing machine, dog kennel, rack for snowshoes, and parchesi board but no ice cream freezer and we wonder whether it would be asking too much of the auto man-



ufacturers in this day of science and culture that they put ice cream freezers in their new cars? Was it for this that our forefathers fought and bled on Bunker Hill—that we should go without ice cream freezers in our cars? Hurry, send a letter to your congressman today!!!

The Shaverolay is featuring no-draft ventilation this year but we can't say that we care for this feature especially. Youngsters between the ages of 3 and 6 might find it very amusing to throw their cigarette and cigar butts out of the front windows and have them come flying back through the rear ones but grownups never! People who do not like getting down on their hands and knees to enter a car, we might add, had better look elsewhere for their 1934 cars — perhaps in the junk yards or the

museums. Another remarkable feature about the new 1934 auto is the radio that will turn off automatically when anything about a dream walking is mentioned (only the dumb-looking ones walk!) and we understand that you can now buy your radio with car attached or just the radio and wheels and then build around that. The ash receivers are not up to last year's standard and the horns are not as gay but then one can't expect everything, can one? "What's that? You want to know about the motor? And the durability?" Oh, yes, we can well remember the days when a prospective buyer would inquire as to those things. Today anyone asking such questions would either be taken for a Wendell heir or an escaped lunatic and hastily escorted from the building with a police escort. They'll tell you all about the "speedstream wheels," the "semi-floating spiral bevel-drive rear axles with tapered roller bearings" and the "dual upsweep windshield wipers" but just try and find out something about some such prosaic a matter as a spark plug or a fly wheel, we dare you! You want to know how many miles she makes to the gallon? Say, who do you think you're kidding, mister?



P.S. We might as well confess that we didn't see the Auto Show at all. We went to Grand Central Station instead of Grand Central Palace and got on the train to Duluth. We are writing this from Duluth (can you blame us?) and think that the street car will be good enough for 1934.

CLARA

with apologies to Dwight Fisk

I.

Clara too was a sturgeon
And a very beautiful sturgeon indeed—
She was so beautiful
In fact
That all the other
Sturgeons in her
Community
Could hardly control
Themselves when
She was around—
Especially the men sturgeons.

II.

But that's all that
Happened.
Clara was untouchable.
She knew she
Created a rumpus,
But nobody could
Ever claim her
For his own.
Because she wouldn't
Share she was the
Cause of lots of
Discussion
Among the male sturgeons.

III.

One fine spring day along
Came Ivanoff.
Now, Ivanoff was one
Of these here
Wandering Cossack sturgeons.
He was just as
Handsome as Clara
Was pretty.
What more could
You expect?
Spring was in
The air.
Other fishes were
Going off for
Leisurely swims with
Their mates.

IV.

Clara became quite
Heated up over this guy
Ivanoff.
And Ivanoff wasn't
So damned cold
Himself when he
Saw Clara.
They met. And
One evening they went for a swim
Together.

V.

After that they had many swims
Together.
Then Clara failed to
Return one night.
Ivanoff wasn't around the next
Day either.
So a searching
Party set out to
Find them.
Finally, after a long and
Tedious day of searching
Clara and Ivanoff
Were found together way
Down the river.
They were just lying there
Beside each other.
But the look on Clara's face!
She had eyes only for Ivanoff.
And he looked at her
Adoringly.
The other sturgeons came
Close and said,
"What's the matter,
Clara,
What have you done?
What have you done, Clara?
What is it?"
Clara took her eyes from
Ivanoff
Who was hovering over her
Protectingly.
She looked at the crowd
And smiled.
She moved slightly so they could
See underneath.
"What is it, Clara?"
They asked. "What—?"
CAVIAR!
My God,
SHE'S SHARED!!"

CRAZY BUR



"My God! We've lynched the Sheriff!"

THAT FIRST KISS

Never before had they been alone. But tonight, somehow, the others had withdrawn and left them—two alone on the broad stretch of green.

He had seen her before, of course, in the crowd. Few had not seen and admired her incredible fairness. Once he had brushed against her—and the remembered, quivering thrill of that contact startled him anew.

Could nothing bring them together? He hesitated, but she remained motionless—waiting, perhaps—gleamingly fair in the pale light. Then an impulse, a power greater than he, impelled him to her. And she waited, as dark and shining, he drew near.

They touched—and with a soft, whispering sigh—they kissed.

And parted—each billiard ball plunking into a pocket.

—Puppet

They tell a story at Stanford (which they claim is true) about three fellows who were attending summer quarter there. They got fed up with laying around their house and nothing to do, so they decided to come up to Berkeley for a few days and sponge off the chapter up here. They packed a change of shirts and arrived up here in the midst of rushing season. As they were driving along Piedmont Avenue, some fellows pulled up along side and asked them if they'd like to stay up at the Kappa Sig house until they got located. The Stanford fellows realized they'd been mistaken for nuggets, but they saw the possibilities and said sure they'd go. So they were hauled off to the Kappa Sig house. The first night they were taken to a show; the second night to a stag at the Mark; the third night they pledged. Things went along smoothly, and they angled in on every good rush party.

The night before registration day for new students, the brothers arranged to take them down and see that they got registered. They realized it was about time to breeze, and the following morning two of the fellows got up early, packed, and were all ready to go when they discovered the third was missing. They noticed that his clothes were gone, so they concluded that he had gone on and was probably back in Palo Alto eating breakfast at the Greeks.

They returned to the farm, but no sign of him there. They didn't hear from him for three days, and they were beginning to get worried. However, he showed up one night half canned.

"What in hell happened to you?" they asked him.

"You guys sure missed it," he said. "I went over and pledged Chi Psi."

—Pelican

Railroad Agent—Here's another farmer who is suing us on account of cows.

Official—One of our trains has killed them, I suppose?

Agent—No, he claims our trains go so slow that the passengers lean out of the windows and milk his cows as they go by.

—The Log

ROINGS

FUTURES

The teacher was trying to get acquainted with her new pupils. She'd have them stand, give their name, and tell what they intended to do when they grew up.

First little boy:

My name is Dan.
When I grow up to be a man,
I'm going to Japan
If I can,
And I think I can.

Little girl:

My name is Sadie.
When I grow up to be a lady,
I'm going to have a baby,
If I can,
And I think I can.

Third pupil:

My name is Sam.
When I grow up to be a man,
I'm not going to Japan,
I'm going to stay
And help Sadie with her plan,
If I can,
And I think I can.

—Pelican

HER EXPLANATION

Your sample kiss last night had merit,
But that kiss in your tameless arms!
I marvel I ever did bear it—
Being hugged has lost all its charms.

It's too bod that now we have to break
After such a perfect start.
But ah! how you made my bosom ache,
And left an imprint on my heart!

For fear you'd next time squeeze me tighter,
I've dropped away like a rocket,
'Cause you keep your cigarette lighter
In your upper right-hand pocket.

—Octopus

RESULTS

Miss Sophia Jones tripped into the lawyer's office.

"Cain't ah sue dot no good Rastus Smiff fo' somepin', mister? He promised to marry me, dat he did, an' yestiddy he done 'loped with another gal."

"Promised to marry you, eh?" mused the lawyer.
"Well, have you anything in black and white to show for it?"

"No, suh," replied Sophia. "Jes' black is all."
—Battalion



"Hic! Wish yu'd come up sometime."

—Battalion.

THE LEER OF



Scene—A Russian Peasant's **Dom** (That's Russian for House, you proletarian).

Characters—Sasha, the Wife, a short stocky woman with a big front.

Sami—The son who loved to tease his mother by throwing tomatoes at her, in the can.

Sanka—The husband, so tough he used dynamite to blow a part in his hair.

Misha—A south Russian gentleman, who had a heart of gold and teeth to match.

Rachel—The light of her Mother's eyes, until the old man darkened them.

Sasha: "Where is my Samivar, where is my Sami—Oh, Samivar are you?"

Sami: (From off stage) "Here I am Little Mother." (Under his breath he mutters) "Who called that big fat cow little." (Sami enters from the right)

"You wish to see me, Little Mother?"

Sasha: "Where have you been? Down with those Volga boatmen, Eh? I want mine Sami should grow up to be a nice boy and not play with boatmen." (With that she gives him a friendly clout on the ear, and when he comes to, he is lying near the fire.)

Sasha: (Talking to herself) "Oh, today my husband, Sanka, returns." (Sanka is a Bolshevik, on a

lecture tour. He is called Sanka because he puts everyone to sleep.)

Enter Sanka. He is stripped to the waist, and is carrying a basket of vegetables.

Sanka: "Hallo, Sasha."

Sasha: "I see you're back, Sanka." (Sanka, very much embarrassed, puts on a shirt) "Tell me about your trip."

Sanka: "I had a svall time. I bought you some wagetables. I got in Moscow. I could have brought anodder tomato, only I didn't duck fast enough."

Sasha: "And that reminds me. I have no tea for supper. Sami, Oh, Sami, darling."

Sami: "What the hel do you want now." (Cute little Feller)

Sasha: "Run down to the store and get some tea."

Sami: "Hell, Mom, send Rachel, I'm listening to Bing Crosbyvitch."

Sasha: "How old are you, Sami, Darling?"

Sami: "Nine, Moma."

Sasha: "Vall, if you want to live to be tan, you'll go for the tea."

(Sami leaves)

Rachel: (From off stage) "Hey Mom, there's no hot water."

Sanka: "Ah, Rachkele, come say Hello to Papa."

Rachel: "I can't see you Pop, my hair's in my eyes."

Sanka: "Well, comb up and see me sometime."

Rachel: "Ha, Ha. Boy, Pop, you're a sketch."

Sanka: "I am not, Rachel, I'm Russian."

Rachel: "What's the hurry, Pop." (O.K. skip it.)

Enter Misha, wearing three overcoats, Misha, Rachel's suitor, is a South Russian, up North to view the winter shootings at the Kremlin.

Misha: "Mah goodness, what are yo' all shooting at. Ah can't even hear mahself think with all this

THE STEPS

here noise." (Note the Southern accent.)

Sanka: "Hallo, Misha. How is by you. And vy three overcoats, on sech a hot day."

Misha: "Well, Mah business is bad, ah owes a lot of money, they just took away ma' automobile, and the only pleasure ah gets out of life anymore, is when ah comes home and takes off these overcoats."

Sanka: "That's too bad. Have a drink with me Misha, what'll it be?"

Misha: "Ah reckon ah'll have a Mint Vodka."

(Misha takes the drink).

Sanka: "Ve're having a Revolutionists meeting here tonight and I got to get things in order. Here, Sasha, sew my rhubashka."

Sasha: "Sew what?"

Sanka: "You don't have to get angry."

Exit Sasha and Sanka. Enter Rachel.

Misha runs over to Rachel, grabs a broom, and sweeps her in his arms.

Misha: "Ah loves ya' honey." (He kissed her)

Rachel: (Singing) "But honey are you making any money?"

Misha: "Wall, honey, if this revolution goes through, ah might be able to get a job, that doesn't require much work.

Rachel: "Where could we live—with your parents?"

Misha: "Ah reckon we could, only they're still living with their parents."

(There is a knock at the door. Rachel answers it.)

Rachel: "Oh it's the Revolutionists. Come on in. Pappa, they're here."

(The Revolutionists take seats while Sanka gets ready to speak.)

Sanka: "Brother Revolutionists, ve are now facing a crisis." (The mob turns around its chairs so the crisis is in the back). "Ve must overthrow the government." (Shouts from the mob.) "Down with the Capitalists and the Bourgeoisie and the workers."

(Shouts from the mob.) "Ve must change the government."

Mob: "Hooray."

Sanka: "Do we want Capitalism?"

Mob: "No!"

Sanka: "Do we want Socialism?"

Mob: "No!"

Sanka: "Do we want Communism?"

Mob: "No!"

Sanka: "What do we want?"

Mob: "Yea."

(The crowd goes into a frenzy, which is in the rear of the building. As the people are filing into the frenzy with Nicholson Files (Adv't) the curtain quickly drops to protect the actors from the onslaught of the audience.)

THE END.



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And have you heard the one about the Scotchman who stood so long in the breadline that he lost his job?

—Zip n' Tang.

Big Bobby: "Well, I just got back from Cuba—had my girl with me, too."

Wee Willy: "Havana?"

B. B.: "Anna, hell! I had Marion."

—Purple Parrot.

"If you want to kiss me, squeeze my hand. If you don't want to kiss me, don't squeeze my hand. If you want to kiss me and don't want to tell me, squeeze my hand—"

"Ouch; Hey, get off my foot!"

—Rammer-Jammer.

"There are four requisites to a good short story," explained the English teacher to the class. "Brevity, a reference to religion, some association with the royalty and an allusion of modesty. Now, with these four things in mind, I will give you thirty minutes to write a story."

Ten minutes later the hand of Sandy went up.

"That is fine, Sandy," she complimented, "and now read your story to the class."

Sandy read: "'My Gawd, said the countess, 'take your hand off my knee'."

—Kreolite News.

Do you believe in Santa Claus?

Sure, I hadda scenty clothes butta Lux fixa dat.

—Awgwan.

Steaks

Sea Food

Romeo's Spaghetti House

68 W. Raspberry Street

Mother (to bursar and house-mother)—And are you sure that all of the parties at the university will be well chaperoned?

House-mother—Absolutely. Very well chaperoned.

Mother—Well, then, I don't want her to go to the university. I want her to have a good time.

—Chicago Phoenix

"Ah, Watson," commented the prospective Holmes, "I see you've changed your underwear."

"Marvelous, Holmes, how did you know?"

"Well, you've forgotten to put your trousers on."

—Rice Owl

"What's the charge against this prisoner," asked the benevolent judge, as he viewed a rather unsteady culprit.

"Auto-intoxication, your honor," replied the efficient flatfoot.

"Why that's no charge, that's a disease."

"Yes it is, your honor, with my own eyes I saw him drinking the contents out of a radiator."

—Harvard Lampoon

A student had just made a very funny remark. The class roared and the professor appreciated it, too, for he said:

"Gee, I wish I'd said that."

"That's all right," replied the student, "you will, Professor, you will."

—Brown Jug

Father: Young man, I understand that you have made advances to my daughter.

Young Man: Yes, sir, I wasn't going to say anything about it, but now since you've mentioned it, I wish you could get her to pay me back.

—Reserve Red Cat

Morris G. Snyder

Distinctive Merchant Tailoring

Broad and New Streets

Bethlehem, Pa.

He: "I'm coming in. How can I get this door open?"

She: "The key is under the mat, but please don't come in."

—Cornell Widow

The Plea and the Phly

Phirst let me speak about the phly—The phly is a phunny bug. It crawls around sometimes, and sometimes it takes to the air and phlies. Perhaps that is how it gott its name. Sometimes a phly will sit down on its phrunt legs and wiggle its back ones, and the other times it will sit down on its back legs and wiggle its phrunt ones. You never can tell which ones it is going to wiggle and that's what makes a phly interesting. But with a plea it is diphprerent. A plea never wiggles any of its legs. It just hops all at once together, to and phro, here and there and all over. But there is an element of suspense about the conduct of the pleas, too. You can never tell where a phlea is going to land. Then, of course there is the poem about the phlea that begins—"The smallest insect is the phlea"—if you haven't heard it yet come around sometime and we will be delighted to recite for you.

But phlies or phleas, it doesn't make much diphphERENCE which, both are tiny bugs that go phast and phuriously. If you are interested in learning more about these phascinating creatures, write in to us and we will look up some more dope on the subject.

—Widow

First Dog: Why were you running from that little dog?

Second Canine: You would too—he had a burr in his nose!

—Shine

WHAT'S ALL THIS ABOUT MILDNESS?



PAUL: What's all this talk about mildness?

MAC: I say mildness is most important in a pipe tobacco.

STAN: And I say flavor counts most.

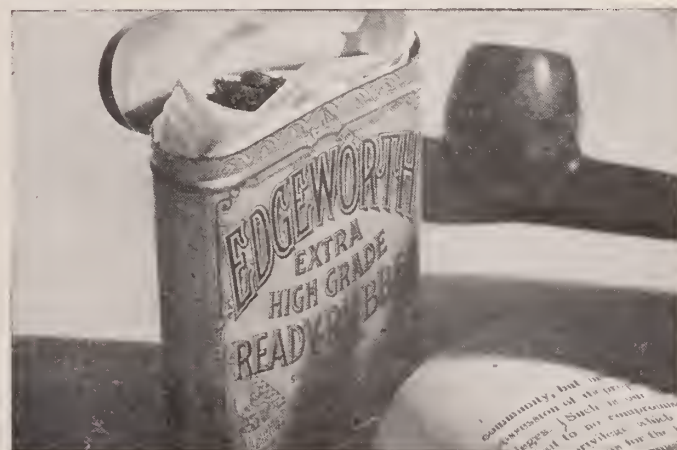
PAUL: You're both right. Why not settle the argument by smoking my brand—the one tobacco I've found that has both mildness and flavor.

MAC AND STAN: What is it?

PAUL: Edgeworth—a blend of only the tenderest leaves of the burley plant—mild, cool, rich. Here—try it.

Ask for Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed or Edgeworth in Slice form. 15¢ packet package to pound humidat tin. Several sizes in vacuum packed tins. Larus & Bra. Ca., Richmond, Va.

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Sanders-Reinhardt Co., Inc. Photo - Engravers



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ALLENTOWN, PENNA.

Lawyer—"Then you admit that you struck the plaintiff with malice aforethought?"

Defendant, indignantly—"You can't mix me up like that. I've told you twice I hit him with a brick, and done it on purpose. There wasn't no mallets nor nothing of the kind—just a plain brick like anyone would use."

Waitress (smilingly)—You might find a pearl in that oyster stew.

Patran—Yes, but I'd be satisfied to find an oyster.

BRICKER'S BREAD

IS EATEN AT

THE FRATERNITIES

Lehigh Stationery Co.

SCHOOL SUPPLIES

This is the greatest section in California, said the house-and-lot shark warming up to his work. Look at our cute little bungalows; they are not to be sneezed at.

I think your right, remarked the come-on. Some of them look as if they couldn't stand the shock.

Street speaker, to interrupter—"Be quiet and don't keep interrupting me. I look upon you as a confounded rascal."

Interrupter—"You may look upon me in any character you choose to assume, but you can't fool the people."

"Does she paint?"

"No."

"Powder?"

"No."

"Smoke or drink?"

"No."

"Give me her name. My brother is studying to the ministry."

—Pelican

Flim: Have you heard from your dog recently?

Flam: I got a litter from her yesterday.

Prof. Shields—And now, who will define a six piece band?

Business Student—Fife and a drum.

Minister, to Deacon—"I was surprised to see you talking today with a man who is a notorious gambler. What business could you possibly have with him?"

Deacon—"I was trying to find out where to cash a number of poker chips that I found in the contribution box."

McCaa Studios

"I hear Bill has had an accident."

"Yes, someone gave him a pet alligator and told him it would eat off his hand."

"Well?"

"It did."

—Columns.

●

Jack and jill went up the hill
To fetch a pail of water.

Hi ho,

Mebbe so,

But you can't tell that to daughter.

—Punch Bowl.

●

Provincetown, Nov. 2.—Woods and sand dunes were being combed here early today by a posse of 100 men and boys for Miss Agnes Souza, 38, who left her home in Cottage St. without clothing and ran into the woods last night.

—Boston American.

Men, men, they're all alike.

—Lampoon.

●

Euripides had just passed the examination at the army recruiting station. He said to the examiner:

"Boss, ah'd like to ask one favor now that youse goin' to put me in the army?"

"And what is that?" patiently asked the examiner.

"Don't put me in the cabalry, because when Ah's told to retreat, Ah don't want to be bothered wif no hoss."

—Texas Longhorn.

●

And then there is the sad story of the stellar halfback, son of the absentminded professor, who carried the left end around the ball.

—The Yale Record.

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PROM DATE

I'll never see the dame again;
She's gone completely: I would
fain

Have sooner lost her,
For had we missed the Promen-
ade,

Estranged by earlier escapade,
It would have cost her
Four dollars, plus the price of
hacks,

The tidy sum of escort tax.
She would have made it
By fleecing another just as dumb
As I, for e'en a greater sum;
He would have paid it!
I might have smiled to think that
he

Suffered the pain that came to me
As I depict it,
But there again he might have
fared

Better, and had his ego spared:
You can't predict it!

—Widow



POSTERIOR SCRIPTS



Since the appearance of our last issue, we have been apprised of the true humor tastes of Lehigh, and frankly, we are disillusioned in her tastes of college men. For four years we had been of the opinion that college men, and especially Lehigh men, were the acme of erudition, savants of the arts, and cognoscenti of the better things in life, amongst which we had always esteemed good humor in a high place. Alas and alack such is not the true state of affairs and our head bows in unconsolable disappointment.

While loosing our steady-going libido one night at the rendezvous of libido-looseners, we had a long discussion with a few representative Lehighites anent the BURR and we were informed in polite discourse that we were not giving our campus circulation what they want. "Give us more stuff about personalities and the fraternities" quoth our informers. All of which leads us to realize that while we have tried to give Lehigh humor patterned upon the **New Yorker** and **The American Spectator**, they have been desirous of "Phooey" and "Smutty," (you know the type, no doubt). Our tendencies towards erudite wit

and satire have seemingly fallen upon unappreciative senses, at least in the campus precincts. A consolation is offered our "Lehigh-is-the-best-school" spirit in the suspension of publication of a national magazine devoted to similar aims. We speak of that noble opus "UNIVERSITY" whose departure more vividly shows that the college students' tastes are hardly worth of our idealistic concept. We are disappointed, but not grieved. At first we thought the smut desire was solely on the part of a few, but a bit of random questioning showed that Lehigh wants double-entendre, slams at the faculty and a preeminence of jokes about drunks. We quote a passage from PETER ARNO'S HULLABALOO wherein Robert Benchly, master of humor writes, concerning the "he and she" joke which as a student of college comics we find to be the sole feature of support in university humor.

"After twenty-five years, however, of 'What did your wife say last night?' and 'Ethel, hasn't that young man gone yet?' with appropriate answers, the old-veteran threatened to become a public-charge and eat us out of house and home. The only trouble was

that we couldn't think of anything else to do its work."

Sadly we realize that after devising a substitute for the antique, our college cohorts, mid-victorians despite their stream-lined faith, are not willing to progress. With a shrug and a silently dropped tear, we again revert to "Walter Windshield" and the like, for our pseudo-erudite readers who, to us at least, no longer rank in the upper percentage of intelligence, as regards humor.

You may remember our first two issues, so gallantly bleed-edged in typography. It was new to comic magazines, it was the sign of progress, and thrilled our printer, if no one else. Today, months later ye sadly regard the **S. E. Post**, **Esquire**, and practically all other national magazines wherein bleed edge is rampant. We, in the full bloom of our youth, had to forsake the artistic, the beautiful and the new, because of a lack of organization within our fold, due to a vile political system, for we had not the wherewithal to continue the pace which we had chosen.

The BURRgomeister.
(Norman Alper)

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•

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•

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*No match for
her Chesterfield!*



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